

371

MORE FOOLES

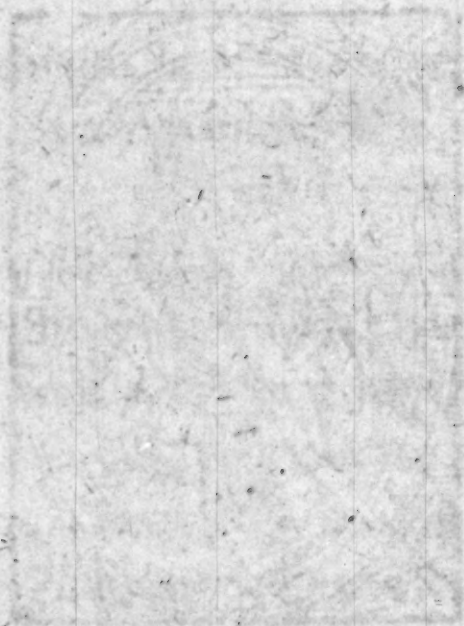
yet. 10

Written by R. S.

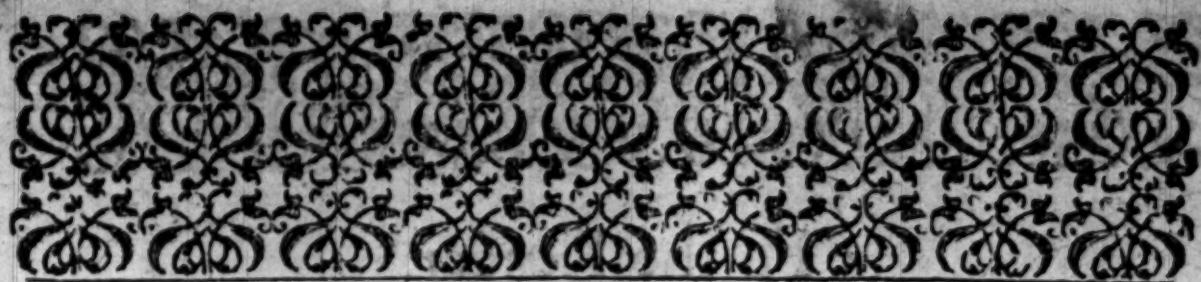


• AT LONDON,
Printed for Thomas Castleton,
and are to be sold at his shop with-
out Cripple-gate. An. 1610.

TOOLES
MORE



Printed for
the
Government



To the Reader.



*Times Ministers haue often drawne the features,
Of many vild, obseane, illiterate creatures;
Euen till the pensils they portraid withall,
Had spent all colours, now they write with gall.
(Seeing those fairer shapes were not respected)
Thereby to make vice lothed and reiected:
Yet notwithstanding marke mans impudence,
See yonder villaine, who for his offence
Did meritt death; yet pardon'd swiftly flyes,
To act more damd and horrid villanies.
Note that Adulterer which seemes sorry now,
And with a fained sanctimonious vow
Abiures his sinne, yet more his soule to blame,
With's neighbours wife next day commits the same.
The Vsurer by scripture reprehended,
Weepes and is sorry that he hath offended:
Yet as the diuell will haue it he is drawne,
Immediately from's booke to take a payne.
Behold that impious Theefe that lately swore,
To make his godlesse stocke but twenty more;
And then to leaue his rude and ruthlesse dealing,
But heele behang'd before heele leaue his stealing.*

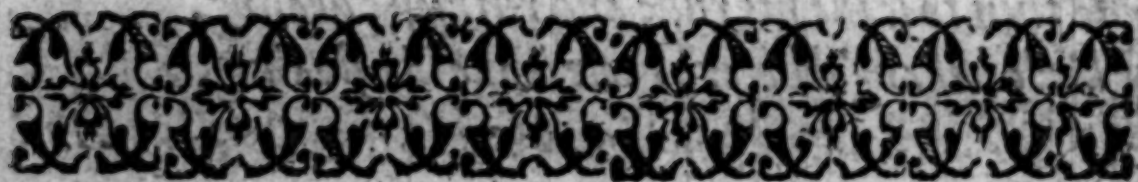


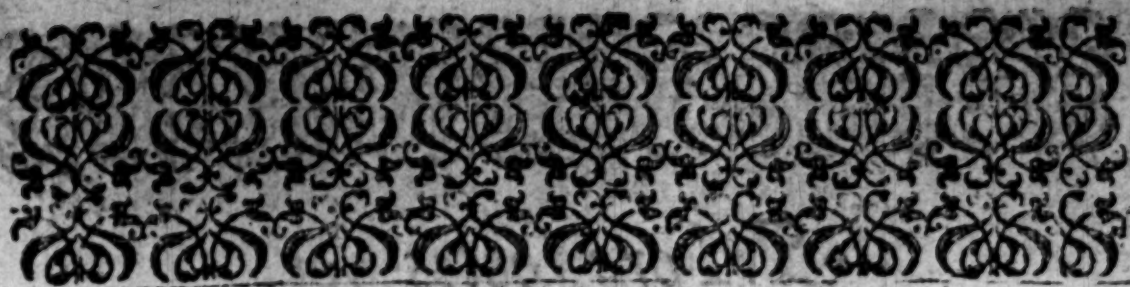
To the Reader.

*And multitudes of such like impious slaues,
Which labour for to purchase their soules graues:
Are oft determin'd to forsake their sinne,
And when the diuell please, they will beginne.
But not till then, let Iustice doe her worst,
Such is the will of villaines (most accurst:).
Therefore since milde perswasion cannot mooue them,
(Nor reprehension, whosoere reprooue them,
Nor Lawes seuerity, nor Iustice sword)
I will not (to reclaime them) wast a word.
Nor will I taxe their vice, because I see
They will persist in spight of you or mee:
And so I leaue them to their damned rules,
I will not deale with villaines, but with fooles.*

Roger Sharpe.

MORE





More Fooles yet.

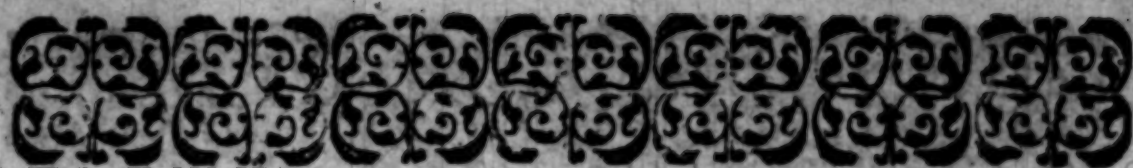
Loues Metamorphosis.



H cryes kind *Dolus*
if thee hate my feature,
Sweet *Cupid* turne mee
to some other creature.

Make me a Bull like *Ioue*, if that may passe;
Or let me be an Horse as *Neptune* was:
Or like to *Mercurie* a Goat ile be,
If such a shape will please so faire as thee.
Loue was attentiu to his imprecation,
And quicklie thought vpon some transformation.
And in a moment ryling from his floole,
Transformd him to a creature cal'd a Foole.





More fooles yet.

A thriftie Gallant.

FOgh cryes spruce *Curio* what a smell is here,
As if some house of Office troubled were?
Is there some foyling Spaniell in the roome,
Or is it pesterd by some stable Groome.
There's some thing putrified, search round about.
O tarrie, tarrie, I haue smelt it out:
It is my sute, the Sattin is impure,
Or else my Taylors hands were nastie sure.
I must expell this sent with some perfume,
Counsell me sirs, your iudgements may presume:
Why then sayes one, I thinke a Siuit best,
No saies another 'twill attract the pest:
Why then that pouder which your Sempsters sells,
Come you are fooles I will haue something else.
There is a kind of sweet your brokers vse,
Tis that alone i'll take, the rest refuse:
For that effectuall is, and of such power,
Twill purge a stincking garment in an howre.

More-





More fooles yet.

Moreouer tis a scent of honest thrift,
And many Gallants vse it for a shift:
Therefore to frugall be and winne repute,
To Lauender he doth commit his sute.

A confident Cuckold.

YOU wrong *Zelopio* to repute him so,
Tell me that he is iealous, faith sir no:
He will permit his wife to see a play,
And let her drinke with Captaines by the way.
Will giue her leaue to walke to *Westminster*,
To see the Tombes and monuments are there:
Will suffer her to drinke and stay out late,
To be led home by each associate.
This prooues him confident, and which is more,
When his wife knocks, himselfe will looke to the
But wot you why *Zelopio* seems content, (doore:
She keepes the house, keepes him, & paies the rent.

B

A variable





More fooles yet.

A variable humorist.

THe humor of *Muander* is most strange.
Hee's still extreame, and nothing makes him
To day he is accoutred like your knight, (change:
To morrow like a stalking broome-man right.
He weares a sute to day that's cut and flisht,
To morrow one slit on a shirt nere washt.
Now hee's extreameely merrie, and anon
He prooues a *Tymon*, all his mirth is gone:
Will you of his extreames the reason know,
His Loue, as well as Fortune, is his foe.

A wondrous trauailer.

Wonders most admirable you shall heare,
If you with patience will permit your care:
That trauailer (belecue him if you please)
Swears he hath been beyond Th'antipodes.

And





More fooles yet.

And that he trauaild hath the Orbs throughout,
And with his hand hath turn'd the Moone about:
And to approue his courage could not faile,
He tooke the horride Dragon by the taile.
And which is more, he sweares by all the gods,
He challeng'd *Mars* to fight, and giue him ods.
All this he hath perform'd he verifies it,
And he will kill the pezant that denies it.
Moreouer now he meanes with expedition,
To trauaile down into the lower Region.
Doe sir I pray you, and to *Pluto* tell
These nouelties, and bring vs newes from hell.

A familiar Tobacconist.

Signior *Snuffe* that rare Tobacconist,
Who many a whiffe hath to the ayre dismist,
Doth oft frequent Apoticaries shoppes,
To minister Tobacco to his sloppes.
And to the smoake-monger this speach he bends,
Sir giues the best, as farre as this extends.

B 2

Shewing





More fooles yet.

Shewing a groat which he on's gloues did borrow,
With damme him if he paid it not to morrow.
Tush ile haue none of your lowe vallued trash,
Reserue it for your gulls, or those want cash.
Giue me of your rich lease, or by this light
You shall expulse me and my custome quite:
So you respect me now, a pipe I pray,
Ile none of that, reach one of Snells I say.
Y'are payd, farewell. Aduce penurious asse,
That doth thy substance into vapour passe:
Such is thy fate, if could thou't pawne thy cloake,
To warme thee by Tobaccoes fire and smoke.

Anger soone appeased.

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprocue,
For being false and faithles in her loue:
His wife to smooth those wrinckles on his brow,
Doth stop his mouth, with *John* come kisse me now.

A





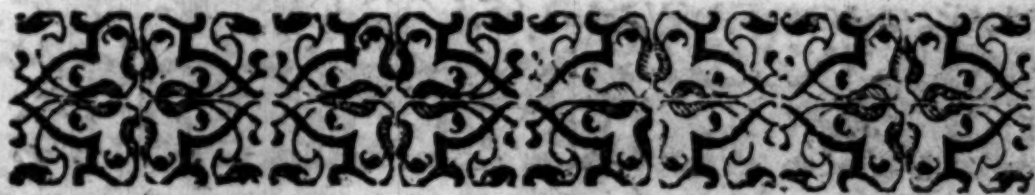
More fooles yet.

A woman hater.

M*isoginos* that lately lou'd a wench,
Wisheth them now the torture of the French:
Let me not liue (sayth he) men are befoolde,
In being by such creatures ouer-rulde.
What can a man discerne in such a creature,
A little paultry beautie, forme, and feature:
Which is but trash of no preheminnence,
Then why is't powerfull to distract your sence?
Tell me what women are, that you adore them,
Surely naught, being so you should abhorre them:
What vertues haue they which do merrit praise,
As many as this weeke hath Christmas dayes.
What qualities, inconstancy, and pride,
Still in lasciuious actions occupied.
O peace *Misoginos*, why do'st thou wrong them?
Thou wilt comend them whē thou art among thē:
But will you know how this his hate was bred,
A wench in Turnbull-street did breake his head.

B 3

In





More fooles yet.

In Criticum.

NOW *Criticus* doth summon all his wit,
And with the title says there's more fooles yet;
(Quoth he) these asses are not left alone,
The Author makes the number more by one.
Thus *Criticus* will censure and correct,
Calumniate, detract without respect:
Affoord the foole to all, O that may be,
For none can shew a foole so well as he.

A bare conceite.

SVchill successe last night had Ned at play,
That no man can discover him to day:
No maruaile sir he keepes him from the light,
He was discouerd to the skin last night.

An





More fooles yet.

An arrogant foole.

GRosse and il-tutor'd fellow, why wert thou
elected here? each rascall now
Will with a Gentleman familiar be:
Forgetting difference twixt each degree.
Ile pay you sirha, what's vpon my score?
I will abiure this houle for euermore.
Good Master *Insolence*, sir hold your tongue,
The slaue doth practise still to do me wrong.
Master; you ill-taught rascall doe me right,
Know that this moneth & more I haue bin knight:
Yet you as ignorant of what I am,
Entitle me like each mechanicke flam.
In troth sir, my rude ignorance doth greiue me,
I tooke you for a Gentleman beleiue me:
Pardon my error, may I so implore,
Ile take you for a Gentleman no more.

A





More fooles yet.

A kind young man.

Young *Iasper* once led an impure life,
But now he is conuerted by a wife:
An antique of some threescore yeares & ten,
Hath *Iasper* snatcht from many richer men:
Not that he loues her, but he deemes her trash,
Onely he marryes her to gaine her cash.
Which cash of hers (being possesst with store)
Shall keepe his wench, which wench kept him be-
(fore.

Captaine Nynnie.

Braue *Magnaninny* swayes in Turnbull street,
Commands the whores be prostrate at his feet:
Fetch me some wine you baud & shut the dore,
Come hither varlot, wheer's the other hore?

Shees





More fooles yet.

Shee's gone to the Tauerne, is she, fetch her home,
Tell her from me, ile bast her and her groome:
Here's a damd crew indeed, sbloud who am I,
I must be faine to thrash you by and by.
Thus *Magnaninny* brauely dominiers,
Breaks Looking-glasses, and Rabatoes teares,
Slits Couerlets and Curtaines, burnes their haire:
For which the punckes conspire to shaue him bare:
And in a moment so to quit this cullian,
They fire him from the confines of Turnbullian.

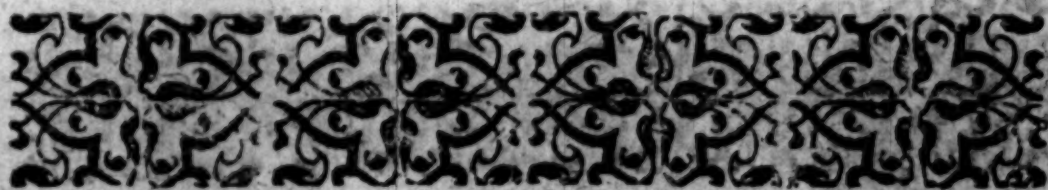
In Libidinosum.

A penitent venerist.

L Ast night *Libidinosus* rashly went
Vnto a wench, lose, and incontinent:
To whom he did participate that euill,
Which did possesse him like an eager diuell.
But now *Libidinosus* is contrite,
And sorry for his rashnes ouer night:

C

And





More fooles yet.

And doth protest (will God remit his crime,)
Heele deeme a whore as men do drosse & slime.
You may belecue him, he determins so,
For drolle is good enough for swine you know.

A quarrell well answered.

PRay you diswade me not, you do me wrong.
Thus to detaine me from reuenge so long:
Throwe water in my shooes and runne away,
Grosse iniurie, firrha come forth I say.
Wilt thou come forth, doe and here I sweare,
For this abuse ile giue thee a box athe care:
Thanks quoth the fellow, but be it knowen to you,
Ile not come forth if you would giue me two.

A rare man in action.

BVt why doth *Friuolus* that actiue squire;
(Hauing abiur'd the Tennis court) retyre
Again





More fooles yet.

Againe vnto that sport, is't for his pleasure,
Or to recouer there some spending treasure.
Or is it that his humor verifies
It is a Gentleman-like exercise:
Or may it be as some perhaps may brute,
There to discouer his new Sattin lute.
No sir you misconiecture his intent,
For none of these, the sport he doth frequent:
But if youle know the truth, sir vnderstand
He comes to shew the wonders of his hand.
How that by force of arme and Tennis-ball,
To admiration he vntopt the wall:
He is no vulgar fellow in his tricks,
Where others bandie Balls, he bandies Bricks.
And he is thither drawne by onething more,
For to augment his credit on the score.

A great obseruer.

Will you of *Vinolentus* gladly know
Why he is drunck, this reason he will shew:

C 2

Because





More fooles yet.

Because those fashions heele obserue and see,
In his associates as druncke as he.
Will you likewise inquire (when he is druncke)
Why he doth range the purleys for a puncke:
He will resolute you thus, for to descric
A whore in fashion and in qualirie.
But *Violentus* tell the truth for shame,
And do not more pollute thy hatefull name:
Thou art not druncke each humor to behold,
But thou art druncke to make thy vice more bold.
Thou doest not visite whores to note their fashions,
But to be deeply knowne in their transgressions:
Well, drinck, be drunck, proceed & catch the Fox,
Hunt all the purleyes ouer for the P.

An accomplisht Gallant.

POore *Tom* goes barely, his best sute is prest
To be forth comming in a Brokers chest:
And aske you *Thomas* why he goes so bare,
He answeres you, for pride he doth not care:
More-

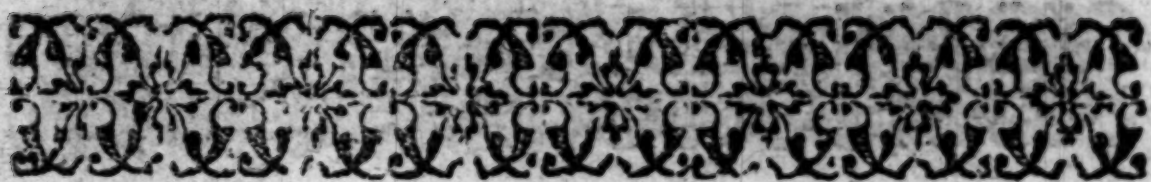




More fooles yet.

Moreouer Sattin suites he doth compare,
Vnto the seruice of a Barbors chayre:
As fit for euery lacke and Iourneyman,
As for a knight, or worthy Gentleman.
And therefore sweares poore *Tom*, I scorne it I,
To imitate such vulgar rascaldry:
But by and by when fortune gins to fawne,
The Gentleman redeems his sute from pawne.
And now abiures those raggs for euermore,
Which but as yester day his worship wore:
And aske him now the reason of this change,
And why he is transformed thus so strange:
He answers you 'tis base, and much reiected,
To be a gentleman and not respected.
Rich habits cause each vassall be esteemd,
When raggs make Gentlemen be vassals deemd:
Now sir because hee's generous, therefore
He scornes to be attyred like a Bore.
Thus *Tom* penurious doth excuse his raggs,
And if reform'd, scornes beggery with braggs.





More fooles yet.

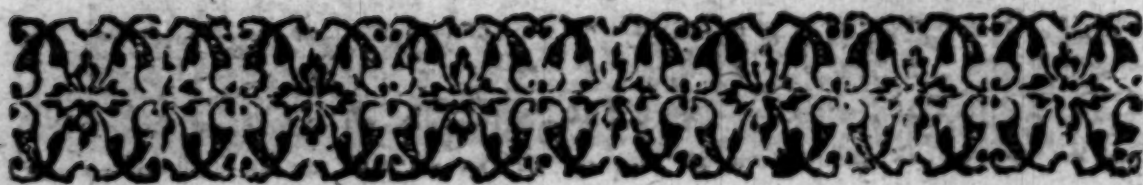
A prouident whooremaster.

L *Vpurio* so to compasse his desire, (quire,
Makes his wench druncke, if you the cause in-
He hath a filthy face, his nose is shruncke,
And's wench would lothe him if shee were not
(druncke.

A conuertite.

STrangely addicted now is *Brutus* found,
He doth suppose the world is at an end:
He will not drinke nor ramble foote of ground,
Nor take a pipe neither with foe nor friend.
Hee meditates on heauen, no 'tis not so,
Another place he thinkes on which is lowe:
O 'tis his purse which nere doth measure keepe,
He cannot reach a penny 'tis so deepe.

In





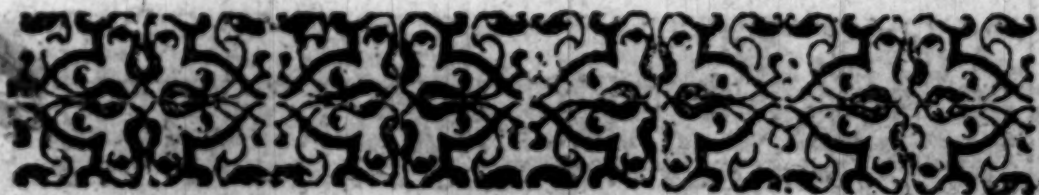
More fooles yet.

In Rusticum.

A charitable Clowne.

Rusticus an honest country Swayne;
Whose education simple was, and plaine:
Hauing surveyd the Citie round about,
Emptied his purse, and so went trudging out.
But by the way he saw, and much respected,
A doore belonging to a house infected:
Whereon was plac't (as 'tis the custome still)
Lord haue mercie vpon vs, this sad Bill
The sot perusde, and hauing read, he swore
All *London* was vngodly, but that doore.
Here dwells some vertue, yet sayes he, for this
A most deuout religious saying is:
And thus he wisht (with putting off his hatte)
That euery doore had such a Bill as that.

A





More fooles yet.

A well affected louer.

MY Rose sayth *Amorosus*, is the flower
Of all her sex, her beautie hath the power:
To stirre affection in a dying creature,
No female Europe yeelds equals her feature.
True *Amorosus* shee's a flower indeed, (weed,
But scents more rancke than doth the stinckingst
Shee growes i'the Garden Allyes all the yeare,
But differs frō most flowers that appeare:
For in the spring when many flowers florish,
She hides her head, the spring her pride doth perish.

An absolute Gallant.

IF you will see true vallour here displayd,
Heare *Poliphemus*, and be not affraid:

Dec





More fooles yet.

Dee see me wrong'd & will you thus restraine me,
Sir let me go, or by these hilts ile braine yee.
Shall a base patch with such apparance wrong me?
Ile kill the villaine, pray do not prolong me:
Call my Tobacco putryfied stufte,
Tell me it stincks, say it is drosse, I snuffe.
Sirrha, what are you? why sir what would you,
I am a prentice, and will knocke you to:
O are you so, I cry you mercy then,
I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

Mounfier the Englishman.

NOte the industry of our gallant here,
Which imitates all fashions that appeare:
Th'Italian, Spanish, Dutch, ô but the French
Especially, he followes to an inch.
His Garters, Roses, all befrindg'd with gould,
Were made in *France*, & by a Frenchman sold:
His sute (so quaintly wrought) is truely sayd,
To be by'th Frenchman at the Fryars made.

D

His





More fooles yet.

His ruffe is likewise french, and's Beuer too,
Sir, all is French he weares, be it known to you:
Yet notwithstanding this our gallant sweares,
The world's deceiud, there's nothing French hee
Yet it appeares most plainely to his face, (weares.
his Nose is frenchified, a small disgrace:
But how ridiculous is he and vaine,
To be so proud and haue a face so plaine.

Selfe doe, selfe haue.

C*redus* affirmes, his wife and he are one,
They are both form'd of equall flesh & bone:
And being one, their natures cannot varry,
Credo is circumspect, his wife as warie.
But he cornuted is, pray who did that,
If's wife, then *Credo* did consent that's flat.

A penitent drunckard.

When *Will* is druncke, he is obsequiously
Deuoted to his prayers, doth weepe & cry:
Sighes





More fooles yet.

Sighes and is sorry for his acted sinne,
And will a new and vertuous life beginne:
But when religious *Will* hath left the pot,
His zeale growes cold, his prayers are quite forgot:
Then why is drunkennesse entitled sinne,
When *Will* doth alwayes pray when he is in.

A fellow all wit, or wit all.

I Pray you giue attention and be mute, (Lute:
Here comes old *Spunge* the Barbor with his
Giue him his lap, and let him (gratis) feed,
And hee's your Fidler till his fingers bleed.
But harke you sir, he hath a wife I thinke,
True sir shee takes Tobacco, and will drinke
Carowfes with a Dutchman while heele stand,
Will sweare with any ruffian in the land.
Will giue the lye to any Captaine too,
Then sheele be stab'd, sir what is that to you:





More fooles yet.

Yet she is vertuous *Spundge* her husband sweares,
And liues as chaste as *Dyan* for her cares.
For should shee (as heele tell you) tread awry,
Hee'd slit her nose for her impuritie:
But's tongue goes false, as any tongue may trip.
Thrice in afternoone he knew her slippe.



¶ Fortune fauours
Fooles.

A Skippe-iacke.

Here comes a fellow of a light vocation,
(Perhaps an vsher of a dauncing schoole:) Who





More fooles yet.

Who was maintaine by some of occupation,
Doth now maintaine a lackie, and a foole.
Fortune affects his art, and loues him too,
For what I pray? that which a Horse can doe.

A Fidler.

A Nother there in forme as light as he,
Who liu'd by aires (though not *Camelion* like:)
Doth now contemne his primitiue degree,
And scornes his finger should a vyoll strike.
Fortune be thanked (and his chaunting tongue)
That gaue him liuing onely for a song.

In Flaccium.

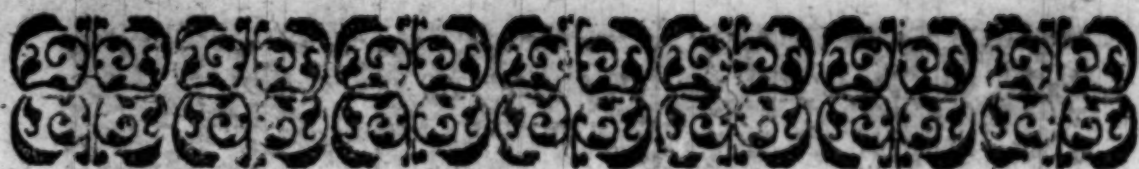
A tryed Friend.

F *Laccus* is dry, and doth request his friend
To satisfie his thirsty appetite:

D 3

His





More fooles yet.

His Friend hath now great businesse to attend,
And sweares he cannot tarry by that light.
Flaccus is druncke, and meets his friend againe,
And now forsooth his friend bestowes the wine:
Flaccus receaues it and his senses bane,
Shewes apish trickes, then imitates the swine:
O you forget your selfe, true sir I doe,
I knew my self vntill disguise by you:
Ilou'd you once, hereafter ile despise ye,
Because youle glut me, rather than suffice me.

Better late then neuer.

B *Riscus* will turne good husband, marry fye,
What wench is't rish loose bodied *Margerie*:
Good husband now, that nere was good in's
The better husband sir, the worser wife. (life,

In





More fooles yet.

In Spumosum.

A fine tongued Suter.

S *Pumosus* courts his wench, & thus doth prate,
Adorned, polliht, and immaculate:
Repugne me not, but let thy lenity,
Extend to me as to propinquity.
Sweet, be propitious, not inexorable,
Thy *Amorosus* is inviolable:
And will perseuer with iucunditie,
Till I descend my hopes profunditie.
Sir, quoth his wench, belecue me if you can,
He marry none except an Englishman:
If you are, as you seeme not by your speaches,
Reserue your Fustian for to patch your breeches.

TOM





More fooles yet.

Tom tell troth.

MY loue sayth *Tristram* is as constant sure,
As is the Moone, *Diana*, chaste and pure:
Credit his words, assured true they be, (hee.
The Moone doth change each month, and so doth

In Fatuum.

A foole for companie.

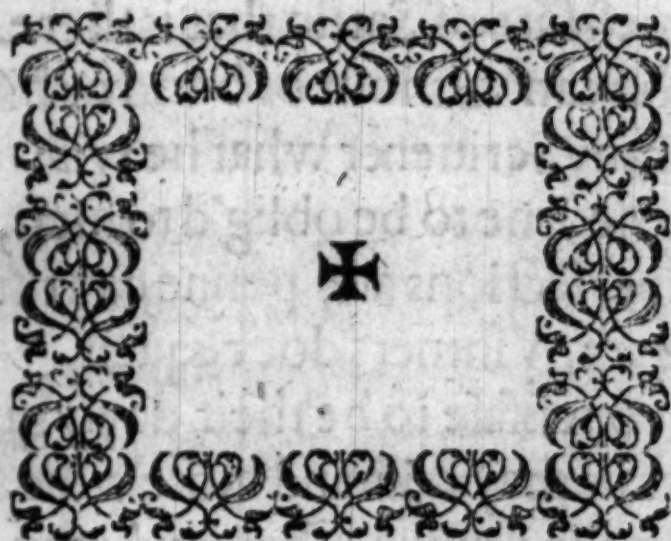
F*atius* will drinke with no such asse,
That lets his iests (vnapprehended) passe:
Or if he iest with such of shallow braine,
He laughs himselfe to make his iest more plaine.
Thus *Fotius* doth iest and play the sany
To laugh at's selfe, hees foole if there be any.

Doleus





More fooles yet.



Doleus shewes his purse and tells you this,
It is more horride than a pest-house is:
For in a pest-house many mortalls enter,
But in his purse an angell dares not venter.
So to declare th'infection for his sin,
A crosse is set without, there's none within.

In Fabulosum.

My word (swears *Fabulus*) can now be rane
For all the futes that are in Birch in lane

E

yet



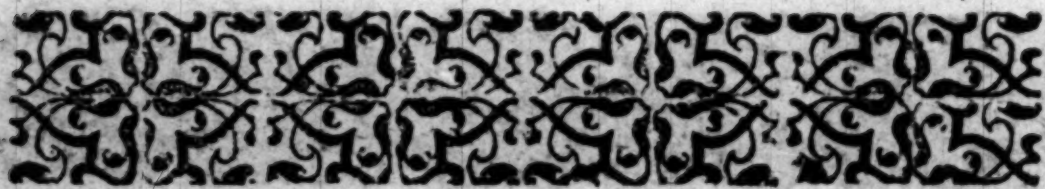


More fooles yet.

yet notwithstanding he doth scorne to weare,
The quaintest sute of Sattin that is there.
Likewise he can without or bond or bill,
Take vp of any Scriuener what he will:
yet doth he scorne to be oblig'd to such,
Whose imperfections any penne can tutch.
As for his dyet, Vintners doe request
He would vouchsafe to be their dayly guest:
And swears he may cōmand more wine a the score,
Then will make drunke 3 thousand men & more.
yet doth he scorne now by faire *Phebus* shine,
To be indebted for a cuppe of wine:
But *Fabulus* youlye, else why goest bare,
Why pennilesse, why do'st thou hardly fare
If such would trust thee? trust thee, no not these,
For clout, for crosse, for pennyworth of cheese.

In Furiosum.

PRay you giue place to *Furiosus* there,
Whose irefull looks presage that he will sweare,
What's





More fooles yet.

What's he that dares deny to pledge his health,
Or he that will not lend him halfe his wealth:
Let him but see that man will say his spright
Shall equall his, heele kill him by that light: (red?
But where are these huge words & blowes so dar-
Faith in a Tauerne where he may be parted.

A second Diogenes.

BEcause *Diogenes* on rootes did feed,
Philosophaster turnes *Diogenes*:
Obserues his dyet, and doth still proceed
To imitate that Cynicks bitternes.
Cals each man knaue he meets, but be it knowne,
That title he doth giue them, is his owne.
Why doth he feed on rootes continually?
Faith will you know, it is the cheapest dyet:
Why doth he taxe mans vice so bitterly?
Because the world should iudge he doth defye it.
Well this Philosopher deserues reward,
Let him be iudg'd by *Iohn* in Paules churchyard.





More fooles yet.

A warme argument.

Loue is a fire, so some Poets rumor, (meth:
And women are the chimneys where it fla-
If so it be, I care not for loues humor,
Nor will I harbor there where *Venus* gameth,
And women (meaning none but you so hot)
your chimney corners shall be quight forgot.

In Credulum.

Le not belieue that fellow that will sweare
He led an eager Lyon by the eare:

Nor





More fooles yet.

Nor he that will affirme and rashly prate,
He bodily pist at *Pontius Pylates* gate:
But him I credit that will iustly say,
He did (at midnight) by the sunshine play.

In Virosum.

HOW *Falstaf* like, doth sweld *Virosus* looke,
As though his paunch did foster euery sinne:
And sweares he is iniured by this booke,
His worth is taxt he hath abused byn:
Swell still *Virosus*, burst with emulation,
I neither taxe thy vice nor reputation.





More fooles yet.

The Conclusion.

PAcke hence ye idle zanies of this age,
Illiterate fooles, fit subiects for each stage:
And do not murmur though your coats are course,
They are too good for fooles if they were worse.

FINIS.



